This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07480519 7

What David Did

by Helen S. Woodruff

WHAT DAVID DID

Love Letters of Two Babies

What David Did

Love Letters of Two Babies

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

By

HELEN S. WOODRUFF

Author of "The Lady of the Lighthouse," "Miss Beauty," "The Little House," "Mr. Doctor Man," "Really Truly Nature Series," "The Imprisoned Freeman," Etc., Etc.

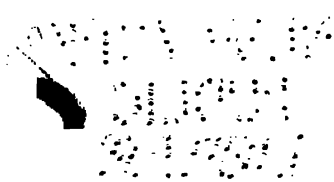
BONI AND LIVERIGHT
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
21200A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1921 L

COPYRIGHT, 1921,
BY BONI & LIVERIGHT, INC.

All rights reserved

Printed in the United States of America



TO
DAVID FLEISCHMAN
THIS BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
Si infirmissimi fortissimi tamen

21 X - 76

WHAT DAVID DID

Love Letters of Two Babies

WHAT DAVID DID

ROANOKE,
VA.

Dearest Dotty:—

If you can get the ink of your would-be literary effusions off your fingers long enough, please go over to Grandma's and send me some clothes. I feel positively Eve-ish, I brought so few necessities in my hurry to get away. I have decided to stay here longer. Below is a list of what I really need. Mammy Mary will help you find them. Express them C.O.D. and P.D.Q.

List.

Powder-rag — powder — riding breeches — Janice Meredith curl—jade earrings (they are hidden in one of my slippers under the spare-room bed)

—ukelele—feather fan—string of pearl beads—lip stick—volume of "Familiar Quotations"—bedroom slippers—rose kimono—all the sheet music on the piano—and any evening dresses you can find lying around. I'm having a glorious time, the crowd here is so musical.

Hurriedly,
Sylvia.

P. S.

I can't explain to the whole world, you know, Dot, that I didn't like for Gerald Gray to go off his head and propose to me the first time he saw me. Grandma thinks I'm crazy taking it into my own head to visit Roanoke suddenly this way; but how can I tell her about Captain Gray? If I did she would say he wasn't a gentleman, and wouldn't let him in our house again, nor let me go out to camp to dinner with him. And while I can't abide the man, no Southern girl wants a *Northerner* to be able to say there is no such thing as Southern *hospitality!* So I thought it better to do a quick Fade-out for a while than to absolutely squash him as he deserves. Besides, *he* thinks, just because I used my eyes on him a little bit in a

perfectly normal way that night at the Club dance and spent over an hour out on the porch helping him look for my side comb, that I *am* encouraging him in this wild idea he has that I'm going to marry him, whatever I say to the contrary. Heavens, a girl's life is certainly tempestuous!

P. S. No. 2.

There's another man here heaps cuter than that old Gerald Gray anyhow! (There is no use telling you his name. I'll be over it by next week. I always am.) *He* is crazy about my singing. But then he is a Southerner himself and knows I didn't mean anything by flirting with *him* before I met him and working perfectly normal eyes on him afterward! It's a terribly serious thing this being born in the North like Captain Gray was. Thank goodness there are still a few old-fashioned Southern gentlemen left in the world who take the modern independent girl at her face value and consider what she says in the moonlight as just *nothing at all!!*

Has Captain Gray been to any of the dances since I left? Does he dance with anybody? If so, WHO? Guess what the idiot had the temerity

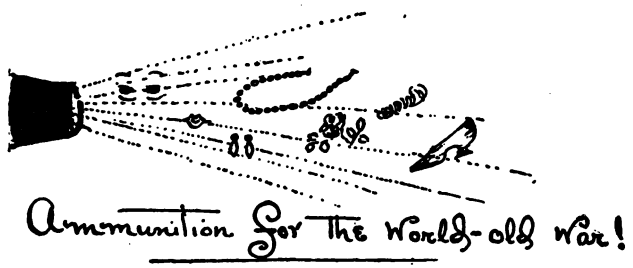
to say to me? That my face was prettier than my voice. And when he knows my one real ambition in life is to "Galli Curc'!" The fact is, the glorious world of music is an absolutely closed book to him, and without the ability to understand my love for it, the poor man seems to feel shut away from me—himself out of tune—when I sing.

Don't forget the powder-rag, etc. It's lost, strayed, or stolen *somewhere* in the jungle of my top drawer.

RICHMOND,
VA.

Dearest Sylvia:—

I've sent you the suitcasefull of ammunition. It's none of my business, so I will say:



Come on home and stop goo-gooing Roanoke men. I really can't see why, just because Capt. Gray proposed (after your usual shoot-and-run-away method had excited him into doing so) you need quarrel with him. You aren't married to the man, child. Besides I need you here. I've decided to hurry up my marriage to Billy Deane, the great and only Bugologist; and you are to be chief mourner dressed in pink organdie and orchids. The date is one week from to-day, and I'm

a happy woman, Sylvia! You see, Bill needs me and I just know his little orphaned son needs a mother! He has been ordered back to New York and thence to Washington. Being engaged to a Bugologist is a thrilling risk. If I should say "Bill, dear, do you love me?" he would be just as apt as not to answer: "The thorax is green—the antennæ blue. Were the eyes a little more protuberant I should unhesitatingly say it was a specimen of *femur-rubrum.*" He certainly needs me to keep him out of the bughouse. Why, we were going (and for a purpose) to the Club dance last night, and he *forgot to come for me!* So I called him up and asked him severely what he meant? And we did finally get there. But believe me, friend, even after that my troubles didn't cease; for when Brother Dave arose and offered us the betrothal toast nobody could find the Bugologist! ! But after a while he did stroll in (he had been chasing a new species of lightning-bug on the lawn), and trying to look as proud as a girl should look when publicly acknowledging her first engagement for the first time I blushingly received the amused congratulations of our crowd. Oh, I hear you laughing! But the worst is not told yet.

When we got home it was pouring. Mother said there wasn't a bit of use in Bill's going back to the hotel in that Biblical-like weather; and so she and I ran up to fix the spare room for him. Honey, when we came downstairs he had *gone*. . . .

He came back. It seems he had only just run down to the hotel to get his pyjamas!

So hurry on back to Richmond, Sylvia, I need you sorely. Besides, Brother Dave looks as mournful as he *always* does when you are away. Don't forget *him,* Sylvia, while you're target shooting around at other men. He is the best of them all, dear; remember that.

Dotty.

RICHMOND,
VA.

Miss Sylvia, my own baby-chile:—

Dat young army gemman friend of yourn what you don't like but who you talks 'bout in yo' sleep eve'y night named Mister Captain Gray done been hangin' 'roun' dis here house like Marse Adam when he was a'courtin' of Miss Eve; and he gimme a dollar to tell him whar you is. But, baby-chile, I ain't *neber* tooken nothin' offen nobody, nor told no white folks' secrets, and so I certainly ain't gwiner tell him you'se in Roanoke when I'se old enough to have both teeth in de grave! And so I jes up and I says to him: "I ain't nothin' but a poor old nigger woman and you is Yankee Quality, Marse Captain, but no one dollar tiff kin make me tell you she's in Roanoke a'visitin' Mis' Gen'ral Jackson on Jackson Street, so yo' jes well keep your money." Yes-sir. Den he say: "Mammy Mary, does you think she could eber lub me better than she lubs her music?" And I looks him thoroughly

through and I says: "My Gawd, yes!" For Baby-chile I'se a human lady even ef I *is* black! My stocking is getting so full I'll have to buy yo' Christmas gif' six months too soon, honey, ef he doan learn to keep his distance! He's one of de qualityest riskycats I'se eber knowed; and I is well and doin' well, and me and Mis' Dotty done sent yo' clothes. But yo' Grandmaw's been snifflin' powerful lot in her nose lately! Soon as you is able you'd better come back home! She is liable to git her old misery and be sick! And *I* need you, yessum.

I must close now as Captain Gray who's a writin' of dis letter fer me is got raw recruitable awaitin' his demands and must go back to camp. Please excuse all his mistakes and bad spellin'.

I prays dat Job's troubles won't eber overtake you, darlin', and dat yo' blessings will be few an' far between.

I'm a Lamb o' Gawd.

Your loving black Mammy,

Miss Queen o' Sheba Smith.

P. S.

The amanuensis to the Queen of Sheba (Peter's chocolate brand) craves the pardon of the

Queen of Starlight, Moonglow, Flowers and Dew (Venus-Eros brand), but wishes to inform her that a recognizance of Roanoke is necessary to the well being of a certain captain of the United States Army who is on the lookout for the recovery of a heart stolen from him by the enemy last week. His train arrives at 12:26 on his day off this week (Tuesday, by the grace of God).

TELEGRAM

Capt. Gray,

Co. A, Camp Lee, Richmond, Va.—

I shall wave good-luck to you as our trains pass at the Junction to-morrow; for I'm arriving in Richmond at one o'clock.

(*Unsigned.*)

BALTIMORE,
MD.

Dearest Dotty, Little Sis:—

Now don't worry, I'll be home in plenty of time for your wedding. You see I simply had to come here to attend to Sylvia's mining interests, for you know she has no one who can do it but me. As for her "evident interest" in Gerry Gray, that's nothing. Flirting with new army officers is as necessary to Sylvia as her breath. Why, *I* introduced them to each other! Of course she has "gone to his head." How could he help himself? He never saw anyone like her before, most likely. I can take care of myself, so again I say, don't you worry. Besides, I want Sylvia to do anything which makes her happiest. After all, you know, I have no real claim on her.

Brother Dave.

RICHMOND,
VA.

Dear Susanna Sue Smith,
Suspected daughter:—

Well, what you reckon? We done had a weddin' next door; an' chile I'se sleepin' on a piece of de bridal cake hoping, since yo' pa has deceased dis life of worry and woe, to git some other colored gemman myself to call me his chocolate drop, yessum. De weddin' was a matrimonial contraption between Mis' Sylvia's best friend, Mis' Dotty, and a white gemman from New York who united each other into de holy yarns of wedlock. His name am Mr. Professor William Deane of New York City, an' honey he is Quality even if he *is* a voltaire in de army labbertories whar dey talks big disease words and fights nothin' but mosquitoes. It was grand! Mis' Dotty all in white like a corpse, and Mis' Sylvia and de other lady-paraders in pink wid smiles and flowers and all sech bridal arrayments. Mis' Dotty, who is always a'scibblin'

stories on paper wid a pencil, say she gwiner write up her own weddin' fer a love-story, and have a book made out of it; but law, chile, she can't hold a candle to my baby-chile's writin' letters fer me to you, which she is doin' now to carry you de news dat I is well an' doin' well and still a'waitin' on, and workin' fer, my baby-chile's happiness.

God created unto himself a lily pure as snow and planted hit on a mountain called de Bottle of Olives. Dar it grew to stand fer de purity of dis po' perishin' world; and I hope when dese few lines is delivered by our new colored postal system hit will find you the same.

Pray fer yo' soul. Hell is deep and de River Jordan wide, but I'se as ever truly your mother

Miss Mary Queen o' Sheba Smith.

CAMP COMFORT,

LAKE PLACID,
NEW YORK.

Dear Sylvia:—

As they say in the army, "it's a great life if you don't weaken"; and, since I married Prof. William Deane, a ready-made father, householder, Knickerbocker and real live Bugologist, my life *has* been great. Little did you think three short weeks ago as you pranced down the aisle as my maid-of-honor (you *did* prance, you know, Sylvia! Your knee-action from the back looked much more like a cake-walk than a participation in the Execution March of your best chum!) that today you could look over the fence that divides our yards way down there in Virginia and say (hand over

heart; tears in eyes), "And that's where her wash used to hang!" But you *can* say that now, dearie. You can say it along with all the rest of the beautiful slosh-by-gosh things the public says about authors, for (oh hold your fluttering heart!!) I *am* an author. I've had a story accepted. At last, at last!

* * * * * * * *

(Those stars indicate the time it took you to catch your breath, conquer a wild wave of jealousy, tell your grandmother and Mammy Mary, ring up Brother Dave to know if *he* knew the news, and then come back and begin this letter where you left off.) Yes. The Post accepted it. It's called "Wails of a Bugologist's Wife," and I've written it up here while on our honey-trip. It's all the things I thought, and didn't dare say to my bridegroom; and it may break up our happy home when he sees it, for it describes his entomological eccentricities as minutely as he describes the hairs of a mosquito's eyebrow. But it's a true tale and has touches of the great American humor which his scientific writings lack, even if I do say so who shouldn't!

As you know we started straight from the halter

to camp. (We enjoyed the rice on the way, thank you, as also the alarm clocks in our stateroom and the tags on our bags. Bill joins me in kind remembrances for these delicate little attentions.) Being the embryo of a leading English-speaking author I was filled with that exquisite tempest of emotion which doubtless emotes from all of us at some time or other from William Shakespeare on up to me, and I was thrilled to a peanut over the prospect of spending three weeks in so romantic a spot as that camp. We got off the train. Nobody was looking, so I welcomed Billy warmly. We crossed the road and, clambering over a fence, dipped swiftly into a deep dark wood of spruce and pine and—I did it again! Finally we reached the camp, and Billy, giving me the key, made quite a pretty speech. (Didn't believe he could do it!) As the door flew back a big comfy room met my gaze, but to my bridal nostrils was wafted the most horrible——

"Why, Billy!" I nasaled between my thumb and finger, "did you have a pet or anything once?"

"Oh, nothing's dead," he responded cheerfully, pulling me into the room and . . . well . . . getting my hat all crooked, "that's only preservatives

poured over specimens in the bathtub. Moths get in my collection otherwise."

That experience, dear friend, was only a playful little initiation. Since——

But why repeat myself? You'll see it all in print. The editor I sent it to must have known a collector person like Bill, for he wrote me a personal letter saying he laughed heartily over the description. I didn't know editors laughed; did you? I've always pictured them weeping like walruses and discarding into waste-paper baskets. But back to the theme of my letter:—

The evening was chilly, and while Billy built up a roaring log fire I made a cocktail. It tasted funny. "Bill," I said, "the bottle was marked gin all right, but——"

"Good heavens, Dotty!" he cried, a wildness in his eyes as he grabbed the bottle.

"Will—will it *hurt* me?" I faltered, alarmed at his expression. "Was it wood alcohol or anything?"

"Good heavens, no, it won't hurt *you,*" he said, "but you might have hurt it. It's the only Triton Salamander I've got in my collection!"

Bill's an awful kind thoughtful husband—which

reminds me of the ramshackly woman married to our guide. She's one of those eternally thankful, pink-eyed has-beens that cause me to want to cuss and vote in the same breath. "And it's lucky any woman is to get one," she said on my arrival looking admiringly towards Bill. I looked at her anemic figure, her eleven half-hungry offspring, her poor home, then at our big, well-nourished, ruddy-faced guide. "Is he good to you?" I half whispered, as one married woman will to another in the near presence of their lords and masters. Her dog-eyes watered gratefully. "Ah, yes, ma'am," she answered eagerly. " 'Tis many the time he says to me, he says, when startin' fer mass, 'Come on, ye old draggle-tail you!' just as *kind like!!* Ah, but he's a good husband fer the likes o' me! And it's better off every woman is, married, even if the man do be queer"—looking about at the collections.

I don't make friends with strange bottles any more; but, Sylvia, I had no idea I had married such a Rooseveltian, such a truly great and thorough collector! I stand aghast before the discovery! Billy collects *absolutely everything but his wits* (and my royalties, of course—if I ever get any). The pantries are full of pickled lizards; the

medicine chests groan with frogs and toads; the bookcases are stuffed with birds; the wine closets are full of snakes; while bugs and beetles, either dead or alive, repose, hatch out, or rip-van-winkle in their cocoons, *everywhere* (except in Mrs. No. 1's grand piano). Yes, it's a great life! It seems that the rest of the collection is in New York. I sigh. Never-the-less I'm looking forward to going there to my new home to-morrow, and will write you all about my little step-son and everything the first minute I can. In the meantime do write *me* more about you and Gerry Gray, the poor fellow! Does he still gaze into your sky-blue optics? Is your soulful physiognomy still held up to hissen when you "target shoot" in that way you have which makes any man on earth feel like he will go "nuts" if he can't osculate same on the spot? If I was Brother Dave—or a cave-man—I wouldn't have him around though!

Devotedly,
Dorothy Deane.

P. S.

When I begin really publishing I'll exchange "nuts" for a word high-flown enough for women's

reading-clubs and literature. You see the Bugologist owns a dictionary! I'm awfully sorry I never read one before. It's heaps more interesting than getting educated at boarding school. Of course one's as wordy as the other but——————

SWEET MEADOWS,
VIRGINIA.

Dearest Dotty:—

If Dante had been in arrears his landlady couldn't have been more delighted at the sale of his first work than I am over yours. There's only one other surprise to equal it, and that's the surprise I'm going to give you now:

Capt. Gray and I were married early yesterday morning! (As I write he sits beside me using my other hand.) We are down on the plantation, with only the cotton and corn fields, niggers and Mammy Mary for company. It's heavenly! Mammy's doing the cooking and talking, and nobody else matters. We are going to have ten days of this, and then——

But to begin at the beginning. I guess you clinched the whole thing, honey, which his fifty-seven varieties of proposals the few past weeks had failed to clinch. You see, in kissing you, the blushing bride, the bridal party sort of caught a habit; and so that day after you and Billy left,

instead of settling down to sighing and wondering who'd be the next to go from our crowd, we began playing Blindman's Buff. Capt. Gray didn't play fair—I just know he didn't—Yankees never do; and so after he'd made me "It" the third time and I had then succeeded in catching him, I saw to it that the handkerchief was tied tight! Then I summoned Mammy Mary. "Mammy," I whispered, leading her to the steps that go from the dining-room into the library, "tiptoe down and see what happens." Mammy, not being of the servant class, but a quality nigger, does what she's told; so down she went, with me giggling close behind her. The landing was the place where this gallant Hobson had always caught me, and recognizing my giggle now he ceased feeling out for Peggy and Page and Weewee (whom he had nearly cornered, and who were squealing rapturously), and making a lunge towards the steps caught Mammy in his arms. Oh, Dotty, my darling, you can imagine the hit it made with the

others! It was one of the cutest pranks I've ever pulled off. When I think of it all I can feel the wiggles of delight in my spinal column yet! But do you know that idiot didn't see one single thing funny about it! Isn't that just like a man? And that's how the fuss which led to our marriage began!! I had him to lunch—I had him to dinner. We rode, drove, motored and quarreled together, yet he couldn't see my point of view! I sang to him out in the moonlit garden; I played my ukelele; I danced; I flitted in and out among the blossoms in the teasingest, most alluring way I could! I worked on that man in a way I had NEVER worked before; and still, if I'd stop my rapid-fire methods for one single minute, there he'd be right back chewing the same old rag again! Why, it was ten times worse than the proposal arguments! He takes the position that in making him kiss Mammy I outraged his dignity. Poor man! Of course he played right into my hands there. I would pretend to be serious, require him to define his peculiar brand of dignity, and lament that if his pride were riding for a fall it couldn't fall gracefully. You should have seen his sheepish grin! And best of all, have heard the ridiculous

definition! We would both have to laugh at that attempt. So having disposed of the subject for good and all, life would run along blissfully serene—till all of a sudden he would start in with it all over again, but on some other tack! Said, bitterly, that I probably was a flirt and didn't care anything about him at all! If I had, I wouldn't have *wanted* him to kiss Mammy instead of me! Now did you ever know anyone to make such a to-do about nothing? By that time I had begun to care so *much* that the quarrel promised to become serious. Life was getting unbearable with his eternal harping, and my brains felt like scrambled eggs, when suddenly three nights ago orders reached him to have his company ready to leave for Embarkation Camp No. 1 within forty-eight hours! Wasn't that a woman's luck? * * * * *

Well, you can imagine the rest, for I'm patriotic to the core. I only reach to the bronze button on his upper left-hand pocket, but that got all tarnished from the salty wet—and tangled in my hair, and—I won't go into details! Grandmother was scandalized, but Mammy reminded her that it only took seven days to create the entire earth, to say nothing of whales and mountains and all the

rest of the stuff that's on and in it; and *I* said that I thought six times that length of time was plenty long for me to have known a future husband. Then Mammy said I'd been worried long enough anyhow, and I'd better go on and marry him to git rid of him; so his Colonel gave him a furlough—and here we are! They say love *never* runs *smoothly;* but if the Good Roads Commission had bumped along our courtship pathway we would have been crossed out of the Blue Book! I felt like a horse with the rackets. But *now!*

He says I've written long enough. He needs the other hand. Until to-morrow then, honey.

Your bosomest friend,

Mrs. Gerald Gray.

(Doesn't that look funny!!!)

535 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

My darling Brother Dave:—

Well, of all things! Sylvia's losing her head and flying off and marrying a perfectly strange man that she had only known six weeks, and when she admitted to me the last thing before I left home that he didn't in the least understand her! I simply can't get over her letter which was waiting here for me. My poor Davey boy! And after all these years too. I'm so mad with her I can't bear it! I'd like to—but what's the use!! I'll bet *you* even helped her to do it! What's the matter with you anyway, David Harrison? You know I love you, you precious innocent, better than most anybody; but *why* are you—like you are? *Why?* If I'd been there she'd have acted differently. She'd have had to! Well, this is the end of *our*

friendship! Bill joins me in love—that is he would if he wasn't so busy studying the left hind toe-nail of a *Rhynerhinctus punctatus,* which, in ladylike American, is merely a snout beetle.

Your devoted little sister,

Dotty.

RICHMOND,
VA.

Dear Dotty Dimples:—

You mustn't feel that way, little girl. It's great to have you loyal and all that; but Little-Sis-o' mine, we may need to have things like this come to us. Don't be angry. We have no right to be. Besides, probably none of us can know what is really for the best in the long run. And don't, *don't* forget the Sylvia we used to know—the little lonely fairy-girl, first weeping, and then, after we came, laughing and singing among the flowers of her grandmother's garden.—The little orphaned girl who had only us to play with, and whom we wanted so much to see happy that we gave up all sorts of things in order to try to bring her that happiness. And in remembering that, remember this also: I'd rather see her happy now than anything else on earth. If she finds happiness along the path leading from me, that's perfectly all right. You must believe me when I say this, and you

must write to her and keep right on being her "bestest friend" as you and she and I swore to be to each other that first day when, hearing her sobs, I clambered over the garden wall and pulled you after me. She needed us then, and she probably needs us still. So if you love this narrow-shouldered big brother of yours that's such a near-sighted old bookworm that the army won't have him, write a cheerful, happy, *loving* letter to Sylvia before you sleep tonight.

Brother Dave.

P. S.

Gerald Gray's a handsome, pigheaded giant (stubbornest man I ever knew), but his heart's in the right place, so don't you worry.

535 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

All right, Davey dear. Just as you say. Talk about the modern woman liking caveman methods of management! It's the last thing she does like. Nearsighted, soft-spoken idiots like you can beat brawn and muscle any time when it comes to making a woman stand 'round. Anything that appeals to a woman's maternal instinct has more weight than anything else on earth. Else why do we see so many pompous male pigmies married to worshipful amazon wives? I'm writing Sylvia a long —and loving—letter.

Dotty.

535 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

Dear Sylvia:—

My English vocabulary, enlarged though it has been with American slang, is inadequate when anybody springs what you did! Yet you DO know, dear, that you have more loving wishes than any mere words could possibly express. I hope you'll be as happy as I am—which is saying a lot, and brings me to the most interesting subjects I know —my new home, my son, and best of all, the Bugologist. My home is lovely in spite of the collections; but oh, Sylvia, the boy! I thought I was pretty lucky to marry Billy, but I'm luckier still to have his little son. He's the blessedest, curly-haired five-year-old I ever saw! Why, when he got those dimpled arms about my neck and his warm, moist little cheek against mine—well! But what makes me so angry is: how *can* people say the things they do about stepmothers and stepchildren? I don't believe a single word of it all now. Why, I *know!* It's just like having two

blessed Billys—one grown-up and the other a curly-pated little cuddler. I just can't tell you how happy I am! An old friend of Billy's, coming to see us yesterday greeted me with: "And may I kiss the bride?" Billy Junior was much incensed. "She's not a bride!" he said defiantly. "She's my step-ladder mother," and dropping all his toys he rushed over and scrambled into my lap. I make you one solemn promise, Sylvia, and that is that when William and Boy and I all get to heaven I'm going to ask No. 1 to go walking with us Sunday afternoons! I'm not jealous, or envious, or anything. I'm just sorry for her: sorry that she couldn't have known those arms! (She died, you know, when he was born.) Billy's ponderously proper mother removed the photo of her from its frame, by the way, before my arrival; and when I asked to see it, was quite flabbergasted. Isn't the attitude people take about such things queer? Horrid. As though I'd have Boy grow up without learning to know and love the face of his own mother!

And now about the Bugologist; for I find I always hurry over all other topics in order to talk about him. If you could only see him dress just

once, Sylvia—dress with one hand while simultaneously using his eyes and the other hand in his study of a bug through a microscope,—all the comedians in the world would seem commonplace, and Mark Twain, Irv Cobb and the Sunday supplements a funeral by comparison. Magnifying glass held to squinting eye he absent-mindedly reaches the free hand out

and puts onto his person any*thing,* any*way,* any*how,* that he finds. I never need to go to the theatre any more! *I* have a scientific name too, by the way. He's too polite to say so, but I'm sure he considers me a specimen of the species *You're-apt-to-interrupt-us.* Doesn't that sound just like a perfectly good bug-name? The other evening we were going to a dinner given in our honor, so I drew his tub, laid out clean linen, then jogging his memory, closed him in with a perfectly ravishing

Chauliognathus scutellaris (you, in your pitiful lack of wisdom, would call it a lightning-bug!), and went to tuck Boy up. When I returned he was squinting through the microscope muttering wild Latin pet-names to the thing, but he had taken his bath and was all ready for the party in his evening suit—and his *same old dirty shirt and collar.* Bride that I am I almost lost my temper; but I gently persuaded him to try again. And do you know that when we got to that dinner he had to borrow a dinner coat from his host! He had put his overcoat on over his vest, and so found himself in his shirt sleeves when we got there! If he'd married an inventive instead of a literary genius, something might be done about it. An inventress could doubtless invent some sort of a push button that would dress him all in one push—like fire-horses get harnessed; but as it is now I suppose my life-work will be watching him as closely as he watches bugs. I'm glad he's not twins. Later when our hostess congratulated him, saying what lovely coloring I had, he answered quite eagerly; his mind evidently on some tropical specimen he had been examining that afternoon: "Yes, this species hasn't those facial spots one finds in our

northern variety," which was an unfortunate response I take it, as Mrs. No. 1 had freckles and was our hostess's cousin.

Hasn't *your* bridegroom any idosyncrasies except you? If not, I'm sorry. I would like to start a mutual relief society by suggesting that we write quite frankly to each other about them. I've got to tell somebody about Bill or I'll burst! I can't tell his mother because to her he is a serious and beautiful thing.

But how I do go on! This letter was just to carry you my love, my congratulations, and to ask you about a billion questions concerning the lucky man. You speak in your letter of only ten days at Sweet Meadows. Do you mean you are coming up to Embarkation Camp No. 1 with him? If so, how long will you be here? And is he really going to sail? My poor little Sylvia!

Now do write me *everything*. I'm being consumed—not with curiosity; (women are never that!) but with personal interest.

Affectionately,

Dotty.

P. S.

Bugologist: "Dorothy, help me find my magnifying glasses, please."

Dorothy (the Great American Author) to the rescue: "Where did you see them last?"

Bugologist: "They were in the pocket of my gray trousers."

G.A.A., straightening up: "Then for heaven's sake let's look there!"

Bugologist: "But I don't know where the gray trousers *are!*"

G.A.A., fastening him with her eagle eye: "You jackass, you've got them *on!*"

SWEET MEADOWS,
VA.

Dearest Dotty:—

Now I'll continue the love-story of my life. To begin with (even continuations have to begin, don't they?) we never could have gotten married in anything even approaching ladylike calm if it had not been for Dave, bless his heart! When he unexpectedly came into the garden the night Gerry got his orders, and saw just how things were, he bucked right up and arranged everything—that is everything but Mammy and Grandmother. Gerry had to ask *their* permission, of course. But Dave got the wedding ring, and the flowers, and my veil and slippers, and the license, and cash enough, and telephoned everybody, and arranged about us coming here! All my life Dave's been like that—on the spot when I needed anything and ahead of the spot in getting me what I wanted. I feel he's more my "brother" than ever now. Dotty, you don't know how lucky you are to have a whole family of

your very own! I never realized quite what a lonesome sort of feeling it is to own only just one gray-haired Grandmother and one old black nurse until I stood up and gave myself to Gerry. I wanted, oh *how* I wanted, the loving understanding of a mother, and the blessings of a father whom I can't remember! I hope I won't have just *one* child. I feel so sorry for lonely children. Your father and mother were lovely to me and that helped a lot. Dave acted sort of funny. He disappeared *before* the ceremony. But when he said good-bye he explained that he had been busy attending to my luggage—or something of the kind—so I forgave him. Dear old thing! Gerry says he was the best beloved man in his college class, by the way. But Gerry can't say that about any other man now—that is if he counts *my* love as best!

We had a lovely wedding present given us yesterday. The negroes were all assembled to greet us on our arrival here; and after I had sung them a song, followed by how my grandmother and *her* grandmother, and all my great-greats as far back as there was any Virginia, had always come to the plantation to spend their honeymoons, and after Gerry had tried to make them a pretty speech

too, then a small black boy with a new-born baby in his arms approached us. "Well, Sonny, what can I do for you?" Gerry asked. The piccaninny grinned. "What's your name?" I asked. "Ain't got none," he muttered. I turned to a negress near by; "Whose children are they, Dinah?" "Humph," she sniffed; "Dey belongs to dat no-count St. Paul and Minneapolis Johnson." I turned again to the boy: "Your Daddy and Mammy surely gave you a *name.* Try to think what it is, child." He continued to grin, the baby in his arms wriggling in its sleep, then settling back in unconscious comfort. Then he said: "Dey didn't give me no name 'tall; but I'se done give myse'f a name!" Here Gerry became interested again. "Well that's nice. What did you name yourself?" "Jim, after the mule." Then before Gerry's laugh could die down, Jim held the baby towards *me:* "Mammy say tell you dis am Sylvia Sent-by-Jesus Johnson, name fer you, an' you can have her fer a bridal gif'!"

But Dotty, to think of these days ending! I just won't think of such things—I can't! Surely they don't intend sending *Gerry* to France! I don't tell him so (men are so funny!), but *I* believe they'll

give him a nice quiet safe job in Hoboken. There have been many like that. Then we'll have an apartment in New York; and we'll see lots of you and Billy, and everything will be fine.

* * * * * *

Here we went to drive. (I do declare I believe Gerry's *jealous!* He thinks up something for me to do every time I begin writing or singing.) There was an old man on Mr. Lee's place Gerry wanted me to see. He thinks the negroes are so quaint and funny. "Here's my bride, Uncle Rastus," he said proudly. Uncle Rastus looked me up and down critically, and asked: "Boss, is she sick, or is she jes' naturally rawboned?" Charming bridal compliment isn't it?

* * * * *

After Dinner.

Yes, sometimes we *do* eat, the general reputation of love-lorn folk to the contrary. To-night we had hot pigs' feet and cold cream puffs! You know they're my favorite flower. Gerry said he liked them too if sufficiently flavored with ladyfingers and kisses; but do you know, *I* don't believe Northerners know what is really good to eat. *Pie* for

breakfast! *Sugar* in their cornbread! Horrors! Why, when I showed him that adorable ancestral ladle from which Grandfather used to give us a sip of his mint julep every morning before breakfast, *he* said we Southerners had a queer taste! Now what do you know about that! We're having a *time* getting acquainted. It's terribly exciting finding out how different we are. When we don't agree, I sing! And then he gets so peeved I have to stop. Do you remember you used to wish I'd marry Dave? Well, I've thought about that a lot lately, and I've decided that even if Dave had ever cared for me in that *way,* such a marriage wouldn't have been wise. A woman shouldn't marry a man she knows too well! We all laughed a lot over Mammy's beau calling her up and saying "Miss Mary, will you marry me?" and her answering with true Southern hospitality, "Why yes. Who is it?"; but since *I* had a surprise marriage I'm beginning to see certain advantages in them.

Dorothy, Captain Gerald Gray *is* a precious! With which wise remark I'll close.

Devotedly,

Sylvia.

P. S.

Write me more about Billy. It's awfully funny! And draw me some more pictures. I don't dare draw my bridegroom again! He said the sketch I did make of Mammy Mary being pressed to his manly bosom wasn't "dignified"!

535 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

Sylvia, my dearest:—

Your desire for more descriptions and more drawings flatters me. I'm almost as much pleased as if you were an editor. But speaking of funny things—you should see my mother-in-law! Her nighties are so high-necked, long-sleeved and thick-skinned, she could, by putting on her gloves and veil, perfectly well go shopping in them! Thank heavens I counted out my own wash last week! When *she* knows that I plan bursting into print—well, stand from under, is all I've got to say. She's eternally talking of the vulgarity of the modern girl's cos-

tumes; so after seeing her as per this sketch, I've written this exquisite ode—which I shall sell to that discerning editor, no doubt. Being really literary I shall give it the title of

"YESTER-YEAR"

(A Lament)

When I was a girl we never saw another lady's limb;

Oh horrors! Locomotion then was a secret, dark and dim.

All youthful female minds were taught to trust in God—and sew.

All else — except a family, was ***man's*** work, don't you know.

Why all a ***nice*** girl had to do was to dream of getting married;

With guiles and smiles and fem'nine wiles she saw that Cupid tarried.

We knew it was not ladylike to feel that we were free;

A wise and loving *man* we sought, his children's
Ma to be.
And if we never roped one in we simply took to
tatting
Or sticking shells upon a box; or making rag-rug
matting.
A *lady* mustn't useful be! Why such were *ordi-*
nary!
These brazen modern women are most extraor-
dinary.

* * * *

But Sylvia dearest, if you *really* want to laugh you should attend one of her committee meetings. Some day I shall die with suppressed laughter right in the middle of her "carrying" a vote! This is the way *to-day's* meeting went:

She entered the drawing-room; stood like Patience on a Monument smiling at Grief. The members were announced and filed in. Chattering about everything under heaven but the business in hand, they seated themselves about a table, and Mother Deane began rapping them to order and screaming: "Ladies, *dear* ladies, *sweet* ladies, will you please come to order!" (Redoubled chatter from ladies.) Mother Deane, banging on table:

"Ladies, dear ladies, sweet ladies, the business before the meeting is——" (Enter a late-comer.) Mother Deane, jumping up and dropping gavel: "How adorable you look, dear. You know all these ladies? Well sit right down here by me——"

Loud chattering of ladies breaks out. Mother Deane recovering gavel and banging to order: "Ladies, this meeting must not be interrupted again. The business before us is——" (Enter another late-comer.) "Why, darling, how *do* you *do,* dear; sit right here. Is Charlotte——"

But she has long ago been drowned out by the chatter. "Come to order! (Bang! Bang!) Come to *order!*" she screams; but they go right on; and finally when she gets them quiet somehow or other she's forgotten about the "business," and so asks the latest comer (an out-of-towner) to make them a speech. (The latter had a large second-story porch which rose and fell dramatically as she talked. Her manner was decidedly political.) She said: "Madam President, Mrs. Secretary, Ladies. From the battle-scarred banks of the Rio Grande I come to bring you greetings! (Cheers from ladies.) And *as* I come this bosom (pounding it) —this bosom which has fed seven stalwart sons

for Uncle Sam heaves with pride and pleasure! I (interrupting cheers from ladies)——"

But here Ma-in-law can't stand it any longer, and butts in with: "Very pretty indeed, dear Mrs. Brown, which brings us to the business of this meeting. All those in favor will please say 'Aye,' all those opposed——" "But, Mrs. Deane," the secretary interrupts, "you've forgotten to tell them about——" "Oh yes," acknowledged Mother Deane, "that's right. I *had*. You see it's this way, dear ladies. My doctor, Dr. Deven, has offered us his ex-hospital as headquarters for our beautiful work. All those in favor will please say—— But what's the use of voting upon it? I *know* that you ladies will do exactly as I wish in the matter, and *I* want to let the *dear* doctor do exactly as he pleases, for he brought my little son into the world!!" Ladies: "Aye! Aye! Aye!" Mother Deane: "Carried! and now we'll have tea"—which applies to me also. Don't you think I deserve a cup after such a letter?

Please let me know just when to expect you in New York. I'm crazy to see you.

Devotedly,

Dotty.

P. S.

It wouldn't be polite to sketch my idea of Mrs. Number One, I s'pose—tho' I'd like to. Her photograph looks as if she felt very sad at an early age. She wore the kind with tortoiseshell rims, and nobody ever told *her* she was the most kissable thing in creation, I'll bet!

RITZ-CARLTON,
NEW YORK.

Dear Dot:—

Your letter reached me just as I was getting on the train. And here we are, the Captain, Mammy and Me. Mammy says New York is so crowded she can't see nothing! Gerry hasn't gotten his orders yet; but I'm sure everything's going to be all right, for we only arrived yesterday morning, and they have given him another few days of furlough. I've tried to get you on the 'phone, but can't. Please send us an invitation to dinner by the messenger who brings this. We are off now to the theatre.

Sylvia.

535 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

The Bugologist and his Lady-Bug cordially invite
Captain and Mrs. Sylvia
to dine at the Bughouse at seven-thirty to-morrow.

RITZ-CARLTON,
NEW YORK.

Miss Susanna Sue Smith,

Esteemed daughter:—

In dis great and gloriumfactious New York I condescends to seat myself pen in hand on a spindle-legged gold sofa to drop you a few lines; and de young lady what's doing it fer me is ve'y kind, being frum Virginney hersef once, and offering to he'p me smile away some more lonesome hours while my Baby-chile, Miss Sylvia, and her blushin' bridegroom am out as usual. She answers telephomes in dis here crazy *ho*tel, and she say my Virginney accident in talking make her so homesick dat she jes naturally *had* to come up and see me after she done get down off her duty. She asks me how I likes New York, and I ask her what all de hurry wuz about anyhow, and why hit took de parade so long to pass? And My Gawd, Sue, hit ain't no parade but jes *Folks!* Looks to me like all de Baptists and Methodists in dis perishin' world done gone and got up a Sunday-school-pic-

nic *Ex*cussion. Thank Gawd I lives in a real city like Richmond, and not on a piece of flypaper wid a billion udder flies swarming all over our privacy and priviledges. It ain't ladylike to crowd so!

Miss Sylvia married one fust-class white gemman; but I tells you one thing right now, nigger: I neber wuz sech a fool about none of my husbands as she is about Marse Captain. No woman oughter be. Hits spittin' in de face of Providence; for *No* man ain't puffect!

His relatics is Quality all right, and are settin' back on their wealth and luxury; but dis settin'-room ain't big enough fer a respectable courtin' couple much less a bride and groom and all deir family, to say nothin' of *me*. But Quality here seems to *like* to be crowded. As fer *me* I'll be glad to git to Virginney agin where dar's a free intercourse of air.

My Baby-chile am singing fit to bust hersef dese days; but when Marse Captain ain't around my old bosom needs a mackreltosh, nigger, fer Miss Sylvia knows and *I* knows, and Marse Captain ain't forgot neider, dat dat boat gwiner sail day after to-morrow—though I ain't one fer tellin' what I been tole not to tell.

Miss Sylvia and me gwiner tote our remains back down there whar you is, nigger, and keep Ole Mis' company till Marse Captain show dat po' white trash man, named Keyser, his *place;* so I'se bringin' you a set of new false teeth soon. I seen dem in a winder when Marse Captain hired de trunk mover of dis crazy *ho*tel to take me out prominadin', and I went in and tried dem on. And as dey fits my mouf I reckon dey'll fit yourn, which you needs, Gawd knows.

I'se holdin' to de Staff-of-Life, and if de staff give out I'll hold onto de Lawd and all his merciful goodness; and trustin' you is de same, I'se your darlin' mother.

Miss Mary Queen-of-Sheba Smith.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Davey Dear:—

Well, I suppose you're her combination errand boy, weed digger, guide, philosopher and "brother" again just like old times! But there! I shouldn't have said that! I didn't mean to be catty. Sylvia *is* a darling—just the same emotional little girl she always was; and I'm glad her garden is next-door to that of my old idiot's, and that she has someone to talk to occasionally. The trouble is I can't quite get over thinking that Sylvia and you—— But why chew that old disappointment cud? As Mammy Mary says: "Dar ain't no use of kickin' 'gainst de pickles, fer what am gwiner be, *am.*"

Sylvia and Gerald dined with us the night before he sailed, and suddenly, right in the middle of that favorite song of hers which goes, "Thinking I hear thee, thinking I hear thee call"—*you* remember—she went *all to pieces!* When she left the room to indulge in a woman's unfailing solace

—the powder rag—Gerald tried to apologize for her behavior. He seemed as scandalized at her "public exhibition," as he called it, as Susanna Sue was when she discovered that hens lay eggs on Sunday. It made me mad! And I spoke right up and asked him if he didn't have sympathy or understanding, or *imagination* enough to realize what was going on inside of Sylvia's head! Then I tried to picture to him how she was dramatizing to herself over and over again their parting—his exposure in the Inferno of War—a possible accident, and so forth.

"But Mrs. Deane," he broke in, "she shouldn't allow herself to imagine such things!"

Allow? I could have "pit in his eye," as Boy says. Doesn't he realize that it's not a matter of allowing with an emotional critter like Sylvia? Why Sylvia, though she probably doesn't know it, wades, wallows, rolls in the exquisite pain of such imaginings, for when she stops and thinks the imaginings aren't *true* the relief is so great it sends her happiness soaring! I know the world would be robbed of many thrilling gems from my immortal pen if I didn't emote over Bill occasionally. That's one of the inspiring things about being in

love with somebody. Why I can write a regular Mrs. Browning outburst if he has the toe-ache thinking it might just as well have been an amputated leg! But Gerald Gray's got a mind like a chronometer watch. I don't see how a musician like Sylvia *could* have married anybody so perfectly balanced! Now with Bugologists their very bugginess is their saving grace. Sylvia, by the way, got on famously with Billy. It's nice to have them such good friends. Well, I hope she's going to be happy; but it seems to me that Gerald is awfully jealous of her love for music. After she had hidden all traces of grief (except rabbity-looking pink eyes) with a layer or so of my facial stucco, she rejoined us. "I'll just have to practice so hard I'll forget," she said; and with that his jaw squared and he said something about her evidently having placed her love for music on a level with her love for him, and that nothing, no matter what it was, could possibly make *him* forget! Now wasn't that just like a man?—a man that's not like you, I mean. I know you'll be good to her, old Idiot, and keep her cheered up; and I'm glad she's got you even if she doesn't deserve to have. After all it's pretty frightful these days to be mar-

ried to somebody so physically sound that his government snatches him. Perhaps I'm not as patriotic as I should be (even if I *am* a self-loading, rapid-firing repeater in public for Liberty Loans); but I *am* eternally thankful that my dear Government prefers putting Billy to work killing germs instead of Germans. Maybe men don't want to be safe, but their womenfolks want them to be. I heard a surgeon say yesterday that women were the preservers of the race and men the destroyers; the argument in support of this assertion being that woman's whole thought from the time she begins mothering her first doll, through wifehood and motherhood, is to *protect,* and to *prevent* disaster, whereas a man is ready to sacrifice life, not only in wars but in industrial and commercial life. Which makes me feel more than ever that suffrage is right, for we need both points of view.

Your Little Sis.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Dear Sylvia:—

I didn't mean to let all these weeks go by without writing, especially when Gerry is so far away from you. But to make up I'll try to write you the newsiest letter you ever got. First: We've moved to the country. The middle of Park Avenue was doubtless converted into an asphalt oasis because of children, nurses, and visiting policemen; but it is no place for a clambering anthropoid of five years. And so we've come to a place where the ground is softer, and where he and little David (when he arrives in a few months more) can tumble about together quite safely. The place itself is lovely—only a comparatively small lawn and all the rest in nice buggy woodlands for the Bugologist to collect in! We even have a mosquito pond. I thought this should be filled in; but Bill said no, he preferred to screen the house. And he does so enjoy the quadrillion new varieties that he is find-

ing there that I'm glad I didn't spoil his game preserve by being stubborn and sanitary. We even see snakes sometimes! Oh, it's a truly rural and zoölogical property. Better come up. Billy says we are terribly lucky, for they have been killed off on most of the surrounding estates. Not long ago we were starting for a week-end with another Ologist of some sort, and at the last moment he caught one —snake, not Ologist—and hurriedly putting it into a jar of alcohol, stuck it in the corner of *my* suitcase. When we got there I found the dear thing curled around the feathers on my picture hat in the other end; and as I didn't know whether it was male or female I really felt shaky about wearing the hat down to the garden-party given me that afternoon, for fear I might suddenly look like Medusa. Oh, it's a great life!

But Sylvia, I'm *so* happy! Everything desirable seems to be knocking at my door all in a bunch. After that able editor discovered me through my "wifely wails," I went right to work

and wrote a book about all the dear funny old niggers down home. And (hold your fluttering heart again) I am mailing you the first copy to-day! (As I know you, along with the rest of the reading public, will want a lock of my hair, I've bought an extra switch.) Which reminds me of the day Bill fell in love with me. Did I tell you? He asked me to let my hair down for him, as he thought there was nothing so beautiful about a woman as her hair. So I went upstairs, leaving him in the lower hall, and let my switch down over the bannisters on a string and tickled him on the nose. It wasn't long after that before he proposed. Said I was "not like other girls"! Thought he had discovered a new species, doubtless! But about the book: There's going to be an English edition too. My publisher introduced me to the head of his English branch yesterday, then, picking up my book, said: "This, Mr. Lloyd, is the little story I wanted to get you interested in. It's charming!" Mr. Lloyd hadn't caught my name, but there was evidently something about my face that attracted his monocle's attention. (I was looking my best by design aforethought.) So he asked: "Have you read it? And what do you think of it?"

I dimpled: "Oh, I think it's the cleverest, prettiest, wittiest story I ever read. I wrote it." And though my enthusiasm puzzled him and he exclaimed "Not really" several times, he ordered a *big* edition! Talk about an author looking intellectual! My dear child, believe you me: A soft and vacant baby stare and a moisty, perfumed, clinging hair can sell more manuscripts in the wink of a fringed eyelid than—well, than literary merit, say. But the Bugologist says I'm a bunco-woman gone right. I've gotten interested in his mother's charities (*really* interested, I mean) and have been begging with excellent results. There's a dear old gentleman I was put to work on to loosen up a few weeks ago. He's a very busy and important figure; but having read my book and having a weakness for authors he consented to see me in his private office. My charity-appeal that day was a moving one; and when his private secretary burst in with a card (whose inscription would make you gasp, it was so internationally important) my victim just kept on patting my imprisoned hand and gazing

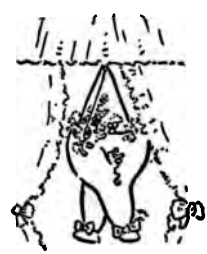
into my soulful eyes, and said gruffly to the secretary-worm: "Tell him I'm in a committee meeting—Now what was it you were asking for, Little Girl?" The charity was delighted with the results; and now when I'm called on to make a report of my day's hold-ups the Chairman (another dear old gentleman) says: "Will the head of the Hand-Holding Committee please report"; and I rise, bow, and say: "She offers her respects to the Chairman of the Leg-Pulling Committee and reports ten thousand dollars" or some such bagatelle. When the war is over, and the charity bunco-woman has become socially ossified and ostracized, I'll probably still be going around with my little tin cup disgracing the genus Deane. I've got the habit.

The publisher wants me to write "The Life of a Busy Woman"; but I told him one verse would express *my* few minor activities:

Order household groceries; pay some bills—and
chat;
Mend a suit for Sonny Boy; trim—or—hunt a hat;
Press a hand so gently—make it sign a check;
See that Husband's on his job, but never fuss or
peck;

Write a book of verses, or a story full of fun;
Lunch if I have time, and then my work has *just begun!*

Of course if Billy should put *all* his capital into buying specimens from Brazil, China, Fiji, or New Jersey, and I had really to go to work, I might make a fortune with my pen; but from my talks with other Immortals I've reached the conclusion it could be done best in the following few ways: Write a daily syndicated letter on how one can, with a barrel, a few tacks, and only thirty-five cents, make a set of Mission furniture. Or create articles on how to make a dusting set for Sally out of Papa's old shirt. "This you can do, dear girls, by using the front tail for an apron, back tail for a cap, tops of sleeves for cuffs, and discarding his bosom." Or (another seed of thought to plant in your heart's garden): "Have any of my dear readers ever stopped to think how sweet and attractive they can make their homes by using what God has given them in this life, and not striving after the unattainable? For instance making jardinières of your Papa's old



pants by tying each leg with ribbon, filling the whole with sand, hanging them up by the suspenders, and planting ferns at the top." And so on—and so forth. I've noticed that such writers make so much money that they can have diamonds the size of mastodon's tears; but why is it they never tell us what to do with *Mamma's?* I could write a book on that subject—but it might get suppressed! If this type of literature doesn't appeal to you, ask the cook (if you've been able to keep one) and the scrub-lady (if you can afford one) to suggest a plot; then write a movie. Or, better still, be a feature writer on a daily. Then you can interview an author, say, and if the outsides of her head are more interesting than the insides, you can give her the charming headlines *I* was given last week: "Dresden China Doll Is Pleased To Find She Has Brains And Can Write Books." I repeat, "It's a great life!"

Write me about Gerald, and give Mammy Mary my love.

Devotedly,
Dotty.

RITZ-CARLTON,
NEW YORK.

Dear Miss Dotty:—

My baby-chile and me is about to be reunited wid Marse Captain who got ober dar jes in time to sign dat armistice I reckon, and come on home. Dat ole no-count debil named Keyser got wind dat one of my fambly was a-coming and tuck his fork-tail between his hoofed feets an' run! Yes siree! And de same young white lady in dis crazy *ho*tel, what wrote fer me las' time is a-writin' fer me now 'cause Miss Sylvia tole me to telephome you de news while she went down to meet de boat, an' I done forget de number so seats mysef pen in hand to write you dese few lines 'fore she gits back and scolds. Yessum, we'se in New York and is well an' doin' well, an' finds it ain't changed a bit fer de better. Trustin' in de Lawd an' hopin' you is de same I'se yours respectably

Mammy Mary.

P. S.

Miss Sylvia done hired a compartment fer us to live in where we moves to-morrow, an' my Gawd it ain't big 'nough to change your mind in.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Bugologist dear:—

You've been away so long I'm beginning to think of you as more like a distant relatic than a husband. Can't old Washington, D. C., let you come home? There seems such small glory in still fighting germs when our army's other enemies have been conquered! Is it really necessary to be so careful about the camps now? Just give my love to the Interior Decorating Department, or the Farmer's Bureau, or whatever white building it is that governs this bug and germ branch of patriotism, and tell whoever does take these particular orders from The One Big Boss that you've got a very small and patient American author for a wife, and that she's getting kind of scared when she thinks of the trained nurse and doctor and all; and that she *needs you.* Boy is just the manliest little blessing in the world, but his stepladder-mother and the mother of the other little boy whose soul is coming down from Heaven soon, really does want you

home. This awful misunderstanding between Sylvia and Gerald has upset me, I guess. I just can't understand to save my life how any man *can* be as blind as he is! There Sylvia has been the happiest thing you ever saw since his return. Fairly bubbling over with love for him and the experience of having all the music she wanted for the first time in her life. (Bless her! She never had anything but her own voice and the mocking-birds in Virginia.) And there *he* was with the coziest little home you ever saw—Sylvia's golden head shining in the lamplight, her face uplifted, glorified. Always singing! And the selfish pig just up and accused her of caring more for her music than she did for *him,* because she hesitated before answering when he asked her if she wouldn't cut out all the concerts and things and go up to camp with him. Then she lost *her* temper—and he left her, saying that when she could say she cared more for him than her music she could give him a call. I have feared from the first that his silly jealousy of her music would lead to trouble, and yet even now I can hardly realize how so serious a quarrel can have sprung from so petty a cause. You say you can't understand her not telling him *more.*

Well I think I *can!* But the first chance I get I'll talk to her in the way you suggest. But sometimes when I think it all over I don't blame her for letting him go—and *stay*. He's so stubborn! Besides if he had been a caring-enough sort of man he would have *known* about things. Mammy Mary says Sylvia is simply killing herself singing. She sings instead of crying; and after her one and only explanation to me she has refused to discuss the matter! She comes out often, and I tell you, Billy, the look in her eyes just makes a rag of me. But she won't let me try to help her! Her pride is up and she's awfully stubborn too! The only possible help I can think of is to write Brother Dave *everything*. He could go up to the camp and perhaps knock some sense into Gerald. It seems he was the only one at college who ever could influence him when he got one of these fits. What do you think of me appealing to Dave?

Here's a little sonnet from your Portugoose. Maybe the picture it paints will bring you back to Boy and me. Let us call it:

SPRING.

Bronze bugs in the flowers,
  Birds upon their nests,
Even spiders making love
  Along with all the rest
Of flying, crawling, creeping things,
  The ant, the wasp, the bee;
Every natural thing on earth
  Has got its beau, but *me!*

Your lonesome
Lady-Bug.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear little Butterfly:—

You make a lot of fun of me, but if I hadn't been a "Bugologist" do you think I should have recognized you as the only specimen of *Papilio pulcherimmus*—which means, my little ignoramus, the most beautiful of butterflies? Anyway I caught you; and I shall never, never let you escape, you dear, flighty, funny, grown-up little girl.

I'm tying up loose ends here, and will be home for good and all on Tuesday. I don't think I'd send Dave to the rescue if I were you. People like Sylvia and Gerald generally *need* to work out their own problems.

Of course the substance of their quarrel does seem entirely inadequate for such a falling out, and I have no doubt that Gerald will presently realize what a mole hill his mountain really is, and will bring his "vacation" to an end. But that, after all, unlike the problems of fiction and the movies, is the way with most real life differences. It is

not the nature or importance of the ostensible ground for the quarrel, it is the respective states of mind of the participants which makes the flare-up possible. With the tinder ready laid the tiniest match may start a serious conflagration. Sylvia, rapt in her joy of anticipation, and in her innocence blind to Gerald's impervious density, found her quivering nerves unequal to the shock of his brutal ill-temper, and naturally her pride was summoned to her self-defense. And who could blame her? Not the true Gerald himself when he comes to appreciate how petty and groundless his foolish jealousy is.

Blessed Butterfly!

Your staid old
Billy.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Dear Brother Dave:—

Your namesake arrived last night, and is a shrimp-pink blond. Also he is in no way marked by my close association with Billy's collections, having no antennæ, no wings, and only two legs! Am greatly relieved. Sometimes I feared it *might be* otherwise. 'Tis true that he squirms rather significantly, but the nurse assures me this is as it should be, and that his looks will improve with time. Perhaps I'm one of those horrible creatures one sometimes reads about—"an unnatural mother"—for I cannot say the child has ravishing

beauty, much as I yearn to say so. But oh Davey, he's everything *else!*

All of us are doing well, including the new cook, who *likes* children. S'pose she really does stay! Wouldn't it be exciting!

Your rather weak, but happy,

Dictated. *Dotty.*

TELEGRAM.

Mrs. Wm. Deane,

Woodland Park, New York.

Anything so important as a namesake necessitates my arriving to-morrow. *Dave.*

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Dear little Sonnyboy Deane:—

Greetings, congratulations, and welcome to our city! It's awfully nice of you to have come. We need more such cherubs from Heaven in this old world of ours. But do you know, Little Man, that I'm not going to do the conventional thing and write Mother and Daddy a lot of stuff about how lucky they are. I came of such a long line of proper, polite people that, as Mammy Mary says, "I done lost my taste" for conventional phrases; so I'm going to be brutally frank and tell *you* that *you* are the lucky one in this instance! Certainly a fellow never did come down from the Blue to the arm of a prettier or sweeter Mother-girl than you have! Some day you'll realize this. And as for Daddy—well you're just the luckiest-ever there too; for your Daddy still possesses the heart of a child, which means—as you'll learn when you grow up—that he is one of the world's really big persons. And there are lots of other big persons near and

dear to you. There's Grandpopsy, and Uncle Dave—whose name has been given to you, and you must be very proud of it——

But I must tell you about Uncle Dave. He lives down in Virginia, and he and Mother-girl and I played together when we were just a little bit bigger than you are. You see I didn't have anyone but Grandmother, for my Mother had to go to God the very day I came from Him. Then Father went. So if it had not been for your Mother-girl and her brother Dave I should have been very lonesome in my Southern garden. Uncle David was the biggest boy in the world. I don't mean just wide-out and tall-up: I mean his *inside*—his *heart!* He was always good to everything and everybody. Grandmother used to call him "the Northwest Breeze." To your Mother-girl and me he was the *Sunlight!* And, Little Man, I want you to try to be as much like him as you can.

Besides all these people you have

ME!

(That's the way we all think of ourselves—very important on the page of life. Instead it should really read this way:

OTHERS!

But about me: I shall be your self-appointed Fairy Godmother, David. Now a Fairy Godmother teaches kiddies the fairies' secret of true happiness—a part of which secret is, how to find and see beauty in everything, and *in spite* of everything; and that is what I shall try always to teach you. There probably is nothing you will *need* more to know if you intend to be a Worker and not a Drone in this Beehive-of-a-World. It is what I have been trying to teach myself the past few months. (Tell this last to Mother-girl.)

"Aunt" Sylvia.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

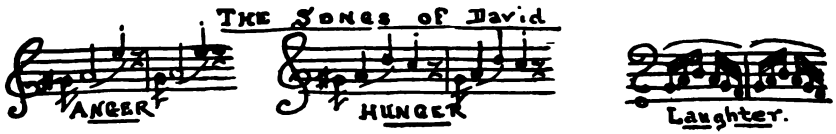
Mis' Dotty, my baby-chile's best friend:—

Hit's done got noised about to me dat Jehoviah Opnipitant, in His bountiful mercy, has done gone and borned you a son named fer his Uncle David. Now chile, I sholy does congratulate you and I knows you feels most pleasantly towards de Creator. Give him my compliments and many ingratitude thanks and glory in your mother's heart, amen. Every head of chillens I'se had durin' my many marriages was female girls takin' after their pas; so *I* knows, honey, how gloriumfactious it must be to have a he-male boy! Blessed be the Name of the Lawd. Mis' Sylvia am singing and singing songs to-day, but dey is mournful songs. She ain't like herself, Mis' Dotty. So much fretting and worriment is a running down her execution. She am half sick. Honest to Gawd, honey, ef I could meet dat good-fer-nothin' gemman face-to-face, I'd be

a revenging angel, I would, and tell him what I thinks of him!

Trustin' dat de sun of single blessedness will ever cast hits rays over your pathway of by-gone roses, and prayin' Gawd's goodness upon you I is,

Mis' Sylvia's loving Mammy,
Miss Mary Queen o' Sheba Smith.



WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Dear Aunt Sylvia,

My Really Truly Fairy Godmother:—

Mummy-girl read me your letter, and do you know I was so interested I forgot to ask for my bottle! It was five minutes late, too, a thing I seldom tolerate. I even let Brother poke his finger right in my eye, without saying a word! But then I'm pretty crazy about Brother. After my tummy was all comfy and so full that the licious milk trickled out of my rose-bud, as Mummy-girl calls the hole in my face where I stick my thumb, I thought and thought about all the things you said. Now of course Mums and Dad are all right; but after all they are just as lucky as I am—(begging your pardon for our difference of opinion) for I heard Daddy say there never was another kid like me! Besides I don't think it wise to compliment parents to their faces too much. It spoils them. I

wish my parents to know from the very start who is *boss* here. But I guess they do, all right. For instance when Nurse was out the other night Mummy stopped walking me just because there was company killing time in our parlor; but after I had hollered one hour, fifty minutes and nine seconds, bent backwards till I looked pop-eyed, held my breath (followed by three staccato and weird notes), and done a few more nerve-wrecking stunts, Dad dismissed the company, and together he and Mummy—aided by a Child's Specialist—pacified me till Nurse came back. (And I know a thing or two more I can do if they try to leave me alone again when I don't want to be left!)

Of course Mummy-girl *is* a nice person to have around, 'specially if I'm hungry. Being a man-baby I think a woman's place is in the home attending to the necessities of existence. I know if Mummy neglected to attend to the cuisine for my particular and personal branch of the family I should feel she was distinctly *un*womanly—and I should be peeved! As for your remarks about Daddy: Well, of course I've never seen myself, but judging from his scared expression when he comes near me, I should think I must be wagon-

loads bigger than he is, and very ferocious-looking. He's not scared of snakes, nor toads, mice, or women, but I'll bet you one of the rarest specimens in his collection that he's scared of *me!* Why, he looks as if he thought I was going to bite him! And you know I wouldn't do that. My own toes, when I can make those funny, wish-bone shaped, waving things they are fastened to come up that high, are much nicer to bite.

Yes, I hear it on all sides, my parents are *mighty lucky folks.* I'm very, *very* beautiful! Mummy-girl says I ought to be your baby. I've got big blue eyes and golden hair—that is, *one* golden hair. All Mummy's friends don't see it—not till she points it out—but it's there. It gets pulled when they tumble me about to amuse themselves! I get more compliments than Mary Pickford, I guess. One of my family-kind of aunts said: "My, isn't he yellow!" I liked that very much, and cooed. Yellow's my favorite color. Daddy is proud of my beauty too, but he thinks it more manly to compliment some of my other virtues. He said only to-day: "*Some* lungs that boy's got, eh, Dave?" and Brother Billy repeated it, sticking his chest out and strutting just like Daddy, and then added:

"He takes that after me." "You bet he does." Dad laughed, for Brother gives a good many excited Indian yells since I came. Uncle Dave has come up from Virginia to see me. He said it was worth the price. "Gee, Kid, there's a young-un in the monkey-house at our zoo might be your twin," he said when he saw me squirming around trying to avoid the soap and water Nurse was trying to inflict upon me. My, how I squealed with delight at that!—And before I could close up the squeal Nurse scrubbed where my teeth aren't. (That woman's a regular Militant!)

And now I want to give you a message from Mummy. She says tell you that she thinks little boys, wee little boys like me, are so lately from God that they can understand *all* things. So she told me about you and Uncle Gerry; and oh, Auntie Sylvia, I'm *so* full of sorry! If I was in your arms I'd cuddle right up to you and say: The sun's so bright—if we'll only not shut our eyes; the birds are singing—the sky is blue and the world wasn't made for unhappiness or misunderstanding! Aunt Sylvia, isn't there something you can do to—— But there! Mummy said: "Why, David, I think you've forgotten you are a *gentleman-*

baby! You simply must not meddle in Auntie's affairs!" But feeling sorry, and caring, and wanting most awfully to *help* is not meddling, is it, Auntie? Couldn't you say to Uncle Gerry all that I said 'bout sunshine and happiness, and then say: "Gerry, let's each 'splain the trouble all out to each other, 'cause when you really-truly 'splain a thing to a person you love——"

But there again! Mummy's snatching my pencil away!

Hurriedly,
David.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

God-son. Reigning Prince of the House of Deane, I salaam before you. I kiss your august Piggy-went-to-markets.

You are right about the sun. But sometimes, Little Man, the dark disc of the moon passes between it and the earth, and there is an eclipse. When this happens the sky no longer looks blue, the birds cease their songs, and we of little faith *forget* that an eclipse is necessarily of short duration. And so it takes a cherub-boy like you to make us realize that after all it was only a false night, and that the day smiles just back of it. *I* had forgotten this until your letter came, but (tell this to Mother-girl) I wrote to Uncle Gerry last night. I was sitting at my desk. Above it hangs a portrait of him at the age of two. How I have looked at that portrait all these months! I do be-

lieve, David, that beautiful thoughts make an impression upon the plastic little brain of the Maker's coming gift to a mother; and so I've dwelt upon all the high and noble things about my Gerry. Beneath this truth-kissed baby portrait hangs one of him taken over-seas. Somehow my pen refused to write a *letter* (I simply cannot explain), but it wrote the following lines instead:

My innocent boy with eyes so grave and true
  Looking down upon me from your quaint gold
    frame,
The world was then all bright with sunshine, dew
  On grass and flowers, with love you did not name
But sensed, convinced that all was made for you
  To act your part midst plaudits and acclaim
In those most serious gayeties you knew.
  Far from your thought to see that world aflame
As now with dreadful hatred, lust and war!

Rather did life stretch before
  You an unending way
  Of happiness and joy.
The dawn of your new day
  Was filled with rose and gold.
  The birds in song foretold

To you the birth of love, oh, boy,
With eyes both grave and gay.

My dearest boy, those eyes are just as pure
To-day as then, looking from man's great height;
Yet they have seen the flower of youth endure
Death, dealt by a foe gone mad with might

Of hatred, lust and war!
Life has not stretched before
Us an unending way
Of happiness and joy.
Our sorrow came! Nay—
The sky *is* rose and gold;
The birds sing too, for you:
For I am yours and you are mine, oh, boy,
With eyes so true!

And, oh David, I'm so happy! The same moon that bends down from the sky to watch over you, is watching over him—and me. In my southern garden the Flower-Fairies stir in their sleep—the Dew-Fairies cover them with jewels that glisten in his glow—— (I see him now from the little window near my desk.) The whole wide world

seems happy and at rest; for my heart knows only the peace and love and *understanding* which your dear little letter awoke in me.

Here's a kiss for the kiss-spot Mother-girl found right under your dimpled chin.

Aunt Sylvia.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Dearest Fairy Godmother:—

If you look the above up in Burke's you'll find that a crest represented something a family *was* at one time or another before it got decorated. My great-great-great- (please multiply here) was undoubtedly a baby once—hence the above. Mummy says the emotional resemblance is very strong! The history of this multiplied great is very interesting. He came over with the rest of the peerage, à la steerage, on one of the boats which helped make up the first American fleet. This fleet was called "The Mayflower," and comprised, among others, a cattle boat, a furniture van and a lumber skiff.

These were heavily loaded with family trees, grandfather clocks, black-sheep, family scapegoats and jackasses, respectively. When they dropped anchor just off that American-Gibraltar-of-Aristocracy, called Plymouth Rock, they sent ashore a ton or two of incubators, and this glorious country of ours was soon settled by the white man, which really means it has been very *un*settled ever since.

When your letter came Mummy cried—Daddy blew his nose hard and said you were a brick—Uncle Dave went off-*bang!*—in words Mummy said I shouldn't have heard; and I, grabbing it, rammed it right into my mouth and would have swallowed everything you said *whole* if Nurse hadn't meddled. (I love the flavor of the ink you use. What is it?) Even after the excitement was all over and I had consented to eat the germs off my own thumb instead, Uncle Dave sounded like the exhaust of a Ford trying to pass an automobile on a hill. He kept saying things that rhyme with I-won't-tell and Mary-had-a-little-lamb about Uncle Gerry going off to camp and leaving you. Seems he didn't know anything about it at all until Mummy read your letter out loud, and

gee, but he was mad! Just the way he used to be, Mummy said, when anyone would make the least move to hurt or annoy you, when you were a golden-haired little girl dancing about your Grandmother's walled-in garden. But now everything is going to be happy-ever-after, and oh, we're all so glad.

Your
Godson-boy.

P. S.

I've learned a new trick. I can kick nurse in the eye!!!

212004

GRAY'S LUMBER CAMP,
MAINE.

My dear Dorothy:—

The cards reached me here at my camp. I hasten to congratulate you and Billy. I should have answered your previous note, but unfortunately I seem entirely unable to accept your suggestion in connection with Sylvia's and my—shall I call it misunderstanding? There *could* have been only one real reason for her refusing to come here with me—the reason I accused her of, and which she has not seen fit to deny, not even in a poetical effusion she sent me.

Very sincerely,
Gerald Gray.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Miss Susanna Sue Smith,

Kindly remembered daughter:—

Honey, I got something to tell you-alls. The stork lef' his visitin' cyard here las' night, and my baby-chile's baby-girl weighs eight pounds and three quarters of an inch, and the strained nurse what's a writin' of this fer me agrees that nobody in my fambly *ever* been handsomer than her is. I'm that proud! But I knowed she were gwiner be a gal. De grease has riz in de dishpan evey morning fer a week, and, white folks say what dey will, *signs do tell!*

We's had turrible trouble; but dat no-count Marse Captain gwiner sho' come home now, I reckon. But if I'd been de Quality white woman what Miss Sylvia is an' him a nigger gemman, I'd a busted him wide open long 'fo' dis, I sho' would! I says to her tother day: "My Lawd, Baby-chile, ef I wuz as big a jenny 'bout a plum jackass as

you is 'bout Marse Captain—which thank Gawd I ain't—I'd *quit* him!" But de quality ladies an' gemmans *do* put up wid a lot of foolishness from each udder fer a fac', an' Miss Sylvia ain't no deception. Now *I* don't believe in carryin' refinement dat far, *I* don't! Wid deevorcements as cheap as dey is, an' quittin' papers at no premium, nobody ain't gwiner ever cotch *me* tied to *no* man's apron-strings, an' I hope when dese few lines comes to han' dey'll find you de same. Trustin' in de Lamb of Light an' all his disfiggerments, I is

Your darlin' mother,

Miss Mary Queen o' Sheba Smith.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Aunt Sylvia's Lady-baby:—

Hello! Howdy! Glad you've come! You are welcome to your city. (*I* don't *want* it. I prefer the country.) Mummy says you're beautiful beyond toungkintell, and look like no one that's particular in your family. Have you got hair?—Eyebrows?—Teeth?—No more have I. They don't seem to be the style where I came from! You should hear the noises I can make—varying from

the eating-boardinghouse-soup sounds to that of the merry ha-ha when they give me a glass instead of a skin bottle and think they are fooling me—why *they* are wonderful beyond Caruso's wildest note! When I said "Ah-goo" the other day Mummy clapped her hands with delight: "Oh, Daddy, did you hear David? He said 'Mamma.'" "How perfectly ridiculous!" Daddy answered. "He said 'Papa.'" "Goo-e-goo-ey-goo" I slobbered and sloshed; and Mummy's mother (that gray-haired upholstered woman from Virginia who lets me eat the shoe-blacking off her old slipper if I want to) came in just then: "Him said 'Ganmuddie,' yes him did. Dat's what-ey itty bitty cutums said. Didn't Ganny's itty booful?" And she joggled me around so hard my carbureter got flooded and I nearly choked. "It's gas on his stummick, ma'am," Nurse said laconically. Oh, my life isn't all roses, I can tell you! But then neither am I. They give me too much asafœtida!

Mummy had my picture taken the other day by a travelling photographer who came to the house and said he heard she had the handsomest son in town. I am sending you one herewith. "Will you have a dozen, ma'am?" he asked. "Oh dear me,"

Mummy said. "I'm sure I don't know. This one keeps my hands so full——"

But here! I mustn't talk about myself any more until I grow older. Older males talk about themselves as a matter of course. They *have* to to keep from getting bored; but I'm interested in only you! You're the one toy-woman who inspires this feeling, Patricia—— You're the only woman I ever loved! Clotho and Lachesis have entwined the threads of our lives together, Sweetheart—— But be that as it may; don't go telling it to the other fellows! That is, not *yet.* It's only after a gentleman-baby has passed through the ages where he is a *man* at Prep School, one of the *fellows* at college, and a *boy* at his quinquennial that he ceases to be ashamed of the woman he's proud of!

Yours for the future,
David Deane.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

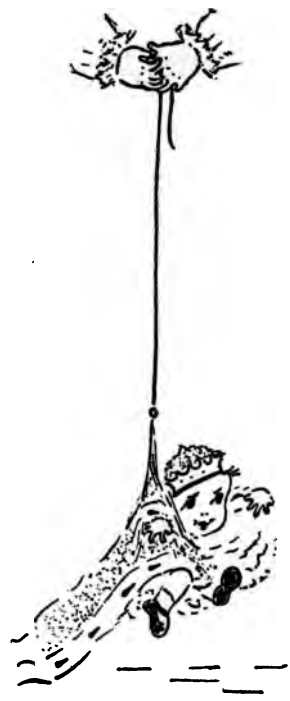
Dear David:—

Mother says that this monogram, to be really characteristic, should be made like this:

But I think it's rude to call attention to anybody's appetite—don't you? And speaking of rudeness: Sir! I am not accustomed to being addressed as "Sweetheart" by gentlemen-babies I've never met! . . . I like it. And I'm very glad to have you on the string, especially if you are as fascinating as you *say* you are. Men *are* interesting animals! Their faces tickle me. And I like the tick-tocks living in their pockets. Being my-

self of the sex which wants what it hasn't got, I feel a great urge towards pockets. Mother says I'm a typical looking pickpocket; and that flowers and candy is going to be my middle name. You see I have large appealing eyes and a small alluring mouth which pouts. I've heard it said that these were very effective! You'd better come soon and see!

Very modestly yours
(*for I am still a sub-débutante*),
Patricia Gray.



WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Miss Patricia Gray,

Dear Madam:—

Your invitation to call and see you was received with pleasure. When my good friend the postman gave it to me I was so overjoyed I crowed and butted him on that button which is the apex of his globular person and which has nothing to do with his vest. I hope to avail myself of your hospitality soon. I prefer Mellen's Brand, thank you, and

man-of-the-world that I am, can look any kind of a bottle in the eye without scruple. I added a word to my vocabulary today—"Boo!" So the family are picking out my college. Dad says Harvard, of course. The classes in entomology, ornithology, oölogy, zoölogy, piscatology and anthropology are

well taught there, and of course they are the studies which should interest me most. But Mums says the *Yale* dances are most educational. "But, Dorothy, you don't want your son to grow up merely a *dancing*-man," said Daddy. "I certainly prefer that my son be educated rather than go to *Harvard!*" she answered. The weather has been quite warm! But whatever college I honor with my presence I shall make music, and not science, my specialty, for I certainly have talent in voice! Many neighbors are moving away.

With the hope of seeing you soon, I am, dear Madam,

As disobedient as a servant,

David Deane.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Mr. David Deane,
Esteemed Sir:—

The modern woman, to find that higher congeniality-in-the-home, must *know* more than her husband. But I shall allow you to play my accompaniments.

H. R. H. Princess Patricia.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

Mr. Uncle Dave:—

Guess what! I've got a sweetheart. At *my age! "Ain't I a little devil?"* But Mummy says gentlemen-babies are never too young to yearn. And guess what again! Auntie Sylvia gave her to me! She looks like this: (Of course no portrait that doesn't show her coloring could possibly do her justice. I should have used red ink.) I asked Mummy if she came by parachute, dirigible, or airplane,

and Mummy said: "By Stork." I don't believe it. She is a thoroughly up-to-date baby with all modern improvements, heat, light, and running water, and I bet she came the modernest way. Anyhow, though

in appearance the intellectual type (as her portrait shows), she is fascinating to a degree. Our taste is in common—the taste of food; and we don't care who knows it. We both speak quite audibly upon the subject if either of our table-d'hotes doesn't sit right down and take us when our little internal clocks strike the hour!

Auntie has been quite sick, but is up now. Uncle Gerry returned a poem she wrote him with these words scrawled under it: "This does not tell me what I wish to know. Have you made your choice?" Of course Mummy promised Auntie not to do anything about it, or tell you or him anything that has happened; but I thought if *I* told you it couldn't hurt!

Your respectable namesake,

David.

P. S.

Her name is Patricia.

SWEET MEADOWS,
VIRGINIA.

Dear Dotty:—

Little David's letter received. I took the night train up to Gerry's camp, arriving back here this morning. It's hard to argue with the kind of animal Gerry is except in the unsubtle way Balaam did it; and I felt that that sort of treatment would do no good in this case. I found him pretty much all in; and when I broached the subject of Sylvia he flew all to pieces. Said I didn't know what I was talking about—that if a woman had made me take second place I wouldn't be so darned sympathetic with her, and so forth. That Sylvia had *always* cared more for her music than she had for him—that from the very night he met her she had been eternally thinking, talking, living nothing but music, music, music, until he had felt in New York sometimes as if he would go mad with the sense of being forever excluded from her thoughts, even from her consciousness, which her singing

gave him. I tried to explain to the mule what music really meant to Sylvia—tried to make him see and understand her relation to it; but all I got was: "Good Lord, Dave, you don't know what love is! I tell you I won't share a woman's affection like that"—or "I tell you I won't take second place, man! If you had ever loved a woman as I love Sylvia you'd understand." It was pretty hard for me to keep my temper, or my secret, Sis; but somehow I managed to do both. You see, Little Girl, I understand Gerry in spite of the fact that I don't approve of him, or of his methods, or his point of view. There is something in my affection for the fool that goes deeper than any of these things. I can't put it into words. Maybe it dates back further than the use of human words—who knows? Maybe it is merely the loyalty which a boy develops for his college chum. Man's loyalty to man is a wonderful thing. I have sometimes thought it has had as much influence on history as the love of man for woman. Certainly chumming together for four college years either makes boys friends for eternity or kills all possibility of such a friendship.

I went up there intending to tell Gerry every-

thing about Sylvia. Heaven knows how he could have helped understanding; or if he loves her at all how he could have been such a brute as to have left her as he did; but I honestly believe he doesn't know of her condition and somehow or other I know he *does love* her. I'm absolutely convinced of that! But the more I tried to talk to him, the more insulting he got (though I never really get insulted by Gerry—I know him too well). His logging camp is a pretty forlorn sort of place at best, buried as it is deep in the gloom of those unexplored Maine woods; and Gerry in his determination to forget Sylvia has shut himself off from the world about as effectually as if he was a million miles from nowhere. The wind blew through the trees outside like the wail of a lost soul. When I got there snow was falling, trying it would seem to purify the world of such black bitterness as Gerry's heart knew; but strung to the breaking point he was pacing back and forth, back and forth, across his cabin floor. "I see her, I hear her voice, every way I turn," he said. "She dances in the firelight's glow. Her face is upturned to mine—her hand—— My God, Dave, I tell you *you* don't know! This thing"—and he went over to a phonograph in the

corner and switched on a ragtime record,—"as much as I hate music, is the only thing that drowns her voice in my ears." And dropping dejectedly into his chair he buried his face in his hands. Then it was, Dotty, that the idea of how to handle this situation came to me. God knows I want to cowhide Gerry for making our little Sylvia suffer; but the other plan seems best. I'll be up Sunday to talk it over with you. The one thing that seems to be uppermost in his mind is that if Sylvia still cares she will "give him a call," as he expresses it. You say Sylvia's pride is up. Well, we'll have to work carefully then—carefully, Little Sis;—for Sylvia simply must be made happy; but I think it can be managed if done the way I have planned it out. In the meantime tell little David that if it does succeed in bringing Sylvia her birthright of happiness, it will be he, really, who has brought it all about. He did so through his letter to me—which made me go up to Gerry's camp. You see, Dotty Dimples, I want my nephew to start right in now believing in his ability to bring happiness to others some way, somehow; for all of us can do it if we really *really try*. And it is such a fine thing to believe. Once you believe it, life takes on a

beauty and significance which it hasn't got otherwise. And another thing: This world might be transformed if we believed in the influence of our thoughts on the minds of children; so be sure to deliver my message. Little David is not too young to understand. He is already a very dear little philosopher at heart, I'm sure.

Your old dreamer of a brother,

Dave.

SWEET MEADOWS,
VIRGINIA.

Dear Dotty:—

The record we had made up there the other day turned out wonderfully. Sylvia's voice sounds out in that song she loves best as clear and sweet and sure and strong as we have ever heard it, especially as she sings the words: "Thinking I hear thee call." It's great! But the best thing of all is an *accident!* Do you remember when the record was being made little Patricia suddenly woke up and cried out a minute? Well, her little wail is *on that record!* Do you realize the tremendous significance those few wee notes will have for *him?* Gee, Sis!

Dave.

SWEET MEADOWS,
VIRGINIA.

Dear Gerald:—

I don't like your phonograph worth a cent, but try this record on it. Luck falls in strange places; but bless you anyway!

Dave.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Miss Susanna Sue Smith,

My own nigger chile what I lubs:—

Darlin' I feels like Glory Hallelujah had done come. I feels like I done got religion—I feels like Jesus wuz on His throne—I feels like nothing nobody could eber do again so long as the firmaments do roll am gwine be wrong! Yessum. Fer what you reckon? In de middle of the night t'other day a telemagram come fer Mis' Sylvia. It were from Marse Captain. He asked might he come home? But sho' as you'se born, gal, he must a thought telemagrams wuz faster than greased lightning, fer before my baby-chile, Mis' Sylvia, could git her eyes wiped good and her answer wrote and her nose powdered he wuz here—right here in dis very compartment down on his knees a-begging and a-pealing fer her to say she had forgave him!! It wuz grand. And lemme tell yer something right now, Susanna Sue Smith. Ef I

hadn't been borned a Lee nigger wid all de traditionals of de Lee pride and predijuces back of me, I would have got down and in earnest fermentation asked de good Lord to lemme be borned again and *be* a Lee nigger, I wuz dat proud of de way my baby-chile acted. Yessum. She jes cotch her breaf kind o' scared-like once or twice, got a little taller and more beautifuller, and den say, jes as calm-like: "Mammy Mary, go in de nursery and bring Patricia to her father." Chile, when I got back Patricia's pa wuz a melted man. He's got religion hisself, I reckon, fer since dat time, honey, he's stayed so melted and lambish and meek and mild dat his own ma gwiner look thu her lozingers some day and say, drawlin'-like: "Marse Peter, who is dat he-cheriphim-angel ober dar at the steps of grace wid eight sets o' wings? He doan look familiar to *me!*"

I could shout wid joy and glory. I could shout wid pride and joy. Praises be to Him dat's Holy. Praises be to Him on High. Hooray, sister!!

Your loving black Mammy,
Miss Mary Queen o' Sheba Smith.

11 EAST 68TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

My God, Dave, what a brute I've been. Luck does indeed fall in strange places, undeserved places I realize now. Old scout, you're the only one ever could make me see things white when the world went red, but I don't think you ever did make me feel *quite* so small and mean before. This time I guess you have killed the red forever. God knows I hope so!

Davey, she's *just* like her mother! And stand 'round? You should see me! God bless you for what you have done, Dave.

Devotedly,
Gerald.

WOODLAND PARK,
NEW YORK.

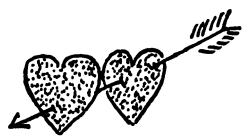
Dear Little Princess Pattycakes:—

Now that everybody in your family is re-united and happy and all that, I'd like to know whether, when I'm President, you'll marry me?

If what my family say of me is true, you are a darned lucky girl to get such an offer and had better snap it up before the other girls' mothers begin manœuvres! Uncle Dave says if he had been as before-handed as I am

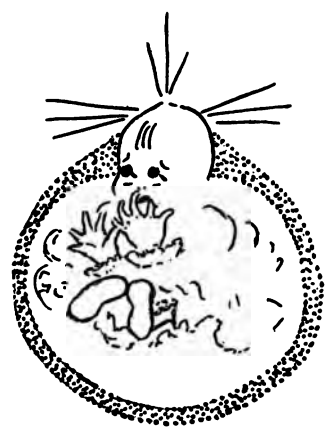
he wouldn't be sewing black buttons on with white thread and vice versa—whatever that means!

David.



Dear David:—

It's *very* sudden! but if you *INSIST!* (I prefer a solitaire to a cluster.) As to your family's opinion of *you,* you've got nothing whatever on *me!* Besides which Mother and Daddy are for suffrage; so *YA, YA,* YA, YAA; for I shall be President, too!



Your

Affianced.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

JUL 22 1921
JUL 23 1921
JUL 26 1921
JUL 30 1921
AUG 2 1921

form 410

JUL 21 1920